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A large, elegant decorative flourish consisting of several overlapping loops and a long, trailing scroll that extends downwards from the bottom of the text.



THE FAIR.



Pub'd June 1804 by J. Harris corner of St Pauls Church Yard.

See page 41.

INTERESTING
TRAITS of CHARACTER,
IN
YOUTH, OF BOTH SEXES,

BY
MRS. VENTUM,

AUTHOR OF THE AMIABLE TUTORESS, &c. &c.



London :

Printed for J. HARRIS, Successor to E. NEWBERY, the
Corner of St. Paul's Church-Yard,

1804.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON

FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY
JOHN STOW

REVISED AND CORRECTED
BY JOHN COCKER



LONDON :

CONTENTS.

<i>RELIANCE on Providence</i>	1
<i>The Fair</i>	12
<i>The Mendicant</i>	26
<i>The Visitor</i>	41
<i>The Lesson</i>	58
<i>Scandal</i>	72
<i>Eliza and Fanny</i>	85
<i>The Negro</i>	114
<i>The Parish Girl</i>	141

CONTENTS.

1	RELIGION IN PROVIDENCE
12	THE BAY
25	THE BAY
41	THE BAY
53	THE BAY
72	THE BAY
85	THE BAY
114	THE BAY
141	THE BAY

TRAITS OF CHARACTER

IN

YOUTH.

RELIANCE ON PROVIDENCE.

“ I Am so hungry, mammy,” said Jane Lawson, to her mother, who was a widow, and lived in a poor little hovel in the village of L——, “ may I have something to eat ?”

“ Here is a crust, my dear ; it will help to allay the cravings of nature.”

“ But what will you and sister Sally have to eat, if I take all this ?”

“ There is not enough for all, my child—Providence will take care of us.”

“ Who is Providence, mammy ?”

“ A wise, good, and great Being, Jane, that created the world and every thing in it ; who disposes of every thing as his infinite wisdom suggests, and ordains all for the best.”

“ Is it for the best, mother, that we have nothing but dry bread to eat, and not enough of that ?”

“ My child, submission to the Divine will is a duty we ought to pay without repining. God Almighty never afflicts but for some good purpose ; and it is not for us to impeach his goodness, or doubt his purposes. Besides, Jane, when your sister and I have

finished the work we are about, I shall then be able to procure something more for you. Mean time, be thankful, my dear, that you have even dry bread; many poor children may at this time be in want of it, and would rejoice to have even that crust, small as it is, to satisfy their poor hungry stomachs."

"Mother, I am satisfied, I don't want any thing more than bread; but what will you do, if I eat it all?"

"Work hard to get more, Jane, and trust in the Almighty for future support."

"God Almighty lives in heaven, mother; how can he give you food?"

"He does all, Jane; at his command the earth becomes fruitful, and

produces the corn, of which bread is made. Apples, plumbs, gooseberries, and all kinds of fruit, every production of the garden and field, of the earth, air and sea, are the works of his hand, and by his power alone are men supported; besides all this, he puts it in the heart of one creature to assist another. We should not even have had these shirts to have made for John Vale, if God Almighty had not inspired him with the thought of their being an assistance to us. You know Betty Lorkins offered to make them for nothing; but he said, 'No, thank you, Betty, I will give them to the widow Lawson: a few shillings in her pocket may be a great help in these hard times; and she wants them

bad enough.' Now, Jane, if God Almighty had not put this good thought in John's heart, we should have been worse off than we are."

"God Almighty is very good then, indeed, mother: and I will always trust in him for every thing."

"Do so, Jane; but remember you must also use your own exertions; and, by industry, patience, and uniform goodness, strive to merit his protection. Depend on it, my child, that Providence never forsakes those who rely upon it. But I repeat, that, without industry on your part, dependance would fail; for idleness is a vice so abominable in the sight of God, that it is accounted one of the deadly sins. When I say, 'Rely on Providence,' it

is not to encourage you in idleness, but to excite you to industry ; for your labour and perseverance will be rewarded by his blessing and care."

Here John Vale entered, smiling, and saying, "Mrs. Lawson, I have good news for you."

"Have you, John? what is it?"

"Madam Jenkins, at the great house, is coming home, widow."

"Well, John," that will be of little consequence to me, I fear; though she is a good lady to the poor, yet, while I am possessed of health and strength, and am able to work, she may not think me a proper object of her bounty."

"Why, that's true, widow: but her late house-keeper, Mrs. Sellon, has

married again, and left her; and I think you might just do for the place; and as my brother is butler, if you like, I'll get him to speak for you."

"You are very kind, neighbour; but I am afraid, Madam Jenkins would require more of her housekeeper than I could perform; besides, what shall I do with my children?"—

"Why? I've been thinking of that: Sally is fit for service now; and I dare say, that madam will find a place for her in the house; and as for my little Jenny here, she shall come to my house, till we see what can be done for her."

"Oh, John Vale, how good you are! the Almighty never deserts those who trust in him; and will, I'm sure, reward you for your goodness."

“ Neighbour, I am but doing my duty — Perhaps *my* wife may be a widow, and *my* children fatherless; and then they may want a friend; and how could I expect them to find one, without *I* did as I would be done by? But come, Jenny, will you go home to dinner with me?”

“ No, thank you, John,” replied the child.

“ No thank you! Jane, why you never refused me before—What’s in your head now?”

“ Why, John, mammy has no dinner to eat, nor sister Sally neither; and it will be wicked of me to sit down to a good dinner while they have none; so I can’t come, thank you.”

“ Bless you, my little dear,” said John, wiping his eyes, “ but you shall; and you shall bring home some for your Mother and Sally besides—But how is this, neighbour? I did not think you were so badly off—Why did not you tell me? You should have been freely welcome to the little I can spare.”

“ John, you are very good and kind; and I am thankful to you for all your friendship; but I could not think of laying such repeated taxes on your kindness. You have a family of your own to maintain; and I have no right to deprive them of your earnings.”

“ Pshaw, pshaw! I thank God I can keep them, and have enough to afford a shilling or so to the widow of an old friend. Indeed, Mrs. Lawson;

I take it very ill that you did not ask me for what you wanted. Jenny, my dear, what have you in the house?"

"Nothing but bread; and that's almost all gone."

"Well then, take this (giving two shillings), go and buy a loaf and butter, and a little tea and sugar; and make haste back; for our dinner is ready—Mean time, neighbour, tell me what do you think of my proposal?"

The poor widow, unable to repress her tears at this instance of generosity in her neighbour, could scarcely speak; but at length said, she should be too happy, if she was but fortunate enough to succeed; and it was agreed that the butler should introduce her to make the application.

The following week brought Mrs. Jenkins to the manor-house, who was so much pleased with Mrs. Lawson, that she not only engaged her immediately, but took Sally into the house also, as still room maid, and sent little Jane to school. We may naturally suppose that John Vale was not forgotten by Mrs. Lawson, who fully justified the truth, that our efforts, joined to a firm reliance on Providence, never fail.

THE FAIR.

“LET us play truant to-day,” said James Orson to Henry Leger, a little boy of eight years old.

“I shan’t James, because my mother always tells me that it is wicked.”

“That’s a joke of her’s, certainly ; how can it be wicked, pray ?”

“Why, Jem, is it not wicked to cheat ?”

“Cheat ! yes ; but what has cheating to do with playing truant ?”

“What ?—why, to play truant is to cheat ; my mother says so ; first, you cheat your father and mother of the money they pay for your schooling ;

and you cheat yourself of the benefit you might be receiving by the master's instructions."

"Ha, ha! a fine story truly!—And so these are the reasons that keep you from engaging this fine day—Well, good bye; I shall think of you when I am running over the fields, and getting into the fair—By the bye, Harry, do you know it's fair-day at S——?"

"Yes."

"Well, and don't you want to go—I have got two-pence, and I shall go and see the shows and the tumblers, and the man that dances on the wire. You had better go, Harry; indeed you had; you can't think what a deal of pleasure you will lose by being shut up at A B C all day."

“ I do think, James, and I know I should enjoy all the fine things I should see at the fair very much; that is, if my parents had permitted me to go to it; but now I should be seriously frightened, lest any one that saw me should know me, and I should be found out.”

“ Oh! don't be afraid of that; I'll take care you shan't be seen.”

“ That you can't, James; and besides, I should not be happy to go without leave; I would not deceive my father or mother for the world.”

“ Pshaw, Harry! how scrupulous you are! why I tell you, your father and mother won't know; and if they should, you could deny it; or, if the worst came, it is only having a good beating.”

“Deny it! why, to be sure, Jem, you would not have me tell a lie: that would be making the matter worse.”

“Why should you? I dare say your parents won’t know; and if they should, you can deny it: bless your heart, I often tell my father and mother lies; and I am never found out.”

“So much the worse, Jem; but, since you will go, I must leave you, and go to school—I cannot stay talking.”

“Well, get you gone, like a poor chick as you are, to be afraid of a scolding or beating — You have not spirit to act like a man.”

“If telling lies, and playing truant, are proofs of being so, I shall never

be one, indeed," said little Henry, as he turned from his school-fellow, and proceeded to his morning's employment.—Let us follow James Orson to the fair, and see the event.

Joyfully he pursued his path, whistling as he went ; though now and then the fear of detection caused him to shrink from observation. — Arrived at the fair, he no longer felt any degree of fear, but, meeting with one or two of his usual companions, went with them into the different booths. Admission to two of the shows which were there exhibited, emptied his pocket of his cash ; and, in spite of the amusement and fun the place afforded, hunger began to assail him ; the sight of the gingerbread and fruits with which the

stalls were lined, drew from him many a wish to partake of them; but what signified wishing? he had spent all the little money he had, and cakes, gingerbread and fruits were unattainable.

We have already seen that James Orson made no scruple of a lie; we shall now see how progressively wickedness grows into habit, and of how many crimes one is the source.

The companions whom James had met in the fair, were boys of bad principle, and idle, vicious habits; one of them, under pretence of buying, had slipt a large piece of gingerbread from a stall, and got off with it unobserved. This action James saw, and at the moment shuddered to observe;

for he was not yet gone far enough in vice, to witness it without feeling horror at the action; he had not, however, strength of mind sufficient to refuse partaking the booty; nor could he, while eating it, help joining his companions in laughing at the cleverness and adroitness with which the crime had been committed.....

Here stop, my little readers, and accustom yourselves to reflect upon the consequences attending a bad action; and reflect also, that, to partake of the fruits of one, is as bad as to commit it; and remember, it is no proof of sense or feeling, or even of honesty, to encourage, by a laugh of commendation, the wicked proceedings of any one, however cleverly managed.

James, when left by his companions, still cast a wishful eye at the cakes, and thought within himself, "How easy would it be to get a piece in the same manner Tom Atkins did!" The wish strengthened with his hunger; and he walked about, watching an opportunity of effecting his purpose.

An opportunity presented itself; and the gingerbread was secured, unobserved by any one. Rejoicing in his success, he thought not of future consequences, and resolved to enjoy himself through the day, yet now and then the fear of detection caused him to shun the eyes of several persons he imagined looked at him with particular earnestness, so true is it that "guilt is conscious."

One crime leads to another—Successful in his first attempt, James Orson no longer hesitated to make another; and he was, unfortunately for himself, an unsuspected plunderer of many stalls. At length he approached one where the fruit was of a superior kind, and the cakes disposed with more regularity; one among them particularly arrested his attention, and this he determined to possess. Like the rest, he secured it unseen by the owner; but a large Newfoundland dog, as if conscious of the injury his master's property had sustained, sprung out upon the little depredator, and seized him by the flap of his coat. The people would have beaten him off; but the dog returned to the charge; nor could all

“guilt is conscious”

the resistance made by the spectators deter him.

“My dog,” said the owner of the stall, “is not in general so violent. I begin to suspect this chap has played the rogue, and got some of my cakes in his pockets.”

Jem, frightened almost to death at the dog, and still more so at what the man had just said, began to think he should be searched, and trembled from head to foot ; however, he strenuously denied the fact, and, by way of carrying the affair off with boldness, challenged the spectators to make the search. To many this was proof sufficient of his innocence ; but the dog still continued tearing to get at him, and was with difficulty withheld.

“ Well, my lad,” said a countryman, “ since you are convinced you did not steal any thing from this man, you shall prove your innocence. I will empty your pockets ; and if there is nothing in them, the dog shall be thrashed ; if there is,” and he regarded Jem with a significant look, “ *you* shall.”

James now began to resist ; but the countryman, aided by the master of the dog, soon subdued him, and the cake was discovered ; nor was the cake only ; nuts, plumbs, and variety of other articles, were found upon him.

For a moment, all were silent ; then next, “ To the pump, to the pump, with him,” was vociferated by a hundred voices ; and this demand for sum-

mary justice was immediately complied with. When Henry Leger, accompanied by his parents, entered the fair, the shouting of the mob drew their attention: they pressed forward to enquire the cause; little Henry among the foremost; but his dismay was inexpressible, when he saw in this object of public justice, the companion with whom he had so lately parted: shuddering at the sight, he caught his father by the hand, and conjured him to save Jem Orson from being killed.

“ They will not kill him, Harry,” said his father, “ he is a bad boy, has stolen fruit and cakes, and other articles, from different people, and deserves punishment: perhaps it may be the most fortunate day of his life, and serve

as a warning for the future, I will, however, if I can, get his punishment mitigated."

He did so.

Jem, drenched with water from the pump, his clothes nearly torn from his back, between the mob and the dog, and hooted and reviled by all, dared not lift up his head; but little Harry, whose breast yearned over him, no sooner saw him freed from the hands of his persecutors, than, dripping, drenched, disgraced as he was, he sprang forward to him, and burst into tears, saying, "Oh, Jem Orson, Jem Orson, why did you play truant to day? This comes of doing wrong; but come, let us go home; mother, let me lend him my coat; see how wet he is."

Mr. Leger, who saw from Jem's abashed countenance how much he suffered, took him into a house, and saw his clothes dried; then, giving him some proper advice, dispatched him home, telling him, he hoped he had learned a lesson which would last him for life. And a lesson it was; for Jem, suffering punishment at home for going without leave, and punishment abroad for faulty actions, never forgot the fair at S——. For a long time he used to go about his own village, unnoticed but by the contempt of its inhabitants; but when they found he was really repentant for the past, and anxious to convince the world he had amended, his faults were forgotten.

THE MENDICANT.

"PITY a miserable being, in want of a halfpenny to buy her bread," said a wretched-looking female to Mary and Sophy Manners, as they were passing by.

"Miserable indeed!" said Sophy, putting her hand in her pocket, to relieve her.

The woman took the halfpence, and, curtsying low, burst into tears;—the children were shocked; and their mother, who had stopt to speak to an acquaintance, just then joining them they recounted the incident, pointing, at

the same time, to the female, who was now walking a quick pace from them.

Mrs. Manners immediately gave orders to her servant to follow the woman at a distance, and see where she went.

In about an hour, the man returned: he had followed her, he said, first to a baker's shop, then to a miserable hovel on the heath, where she entered; and soon after he heard the crying of a child. Under pretence of having lost his way, he knocked at the door to enquire his road, and there saw a miserable set of half, and some entirely, naked children, who were variously employed in nursing a man that was lying sick upon some straw in a corner of the hovel, and the infant which he had heard

cry. The loaf the poor creature had taken with her was in an instant voraciously devoured by the children, all but one small slice, which the woman soaked in some water and gave to the man, who appeared extremely ill.

This relation affected Mrs. Manners so much, that she resolved to send some substantial assistance to the unhappy sufferers—a resolution she had immediately carried in effect, desiring the servant she sent with the provisions to bid the woman call on her the next day.

The following morning introduced to her notice a poor, sickly, and emaciated figure with a child about seven months old in her arms.

“ I waited on you, madam,” said

she, humbly curtsying, "in consequence of a message your servant left at my habitation, and to thank you for the assistance you have afforded us."

The tone and manner in which this sentence was uttered, convinced Mrs. Manners that the speaker had not always been situated as humbly as her present situation bespoke: she desired her to sit; it was with difficulty she could be prevailed on; but at length she complied.

"I sent for you," said Mrs. Manners, in a kind tone of voice, "hearing of your distress, to see if I could be of any service to you."

"You are too good, madam; I do not deserve such treatment; for my misfortunes are the consequence of my

own imprudence, and the just punishment of my disobedience.”

“ Would it afflict you too much to give me a little account of yourself ? ”

“ I have pondered on it so long, madam, and misery has now become so habitual, that my mind is blunted of half its feelings. If you will condescend to listen, I will willingly relate the principal occurrences of a life of wretchedness.

“ My parents, madam, were people of respectability ; and I, as being their only child, experienced nothing from them but the most affectionate care, and constant endeavours to render me happy ; but my temper was naturally fretful and discontented. I was, likewise, from too great indulgence, wil-

ful in the extreme, and perpetually crying, if not gratified in every thing I wanted.—With such a disposition, madam, you will easily believe I had few friends, indeed I believe, except my parents, I had none. Before I was sixteen, I had the misfortune to lose them; and I found that two thousand pounds was all the fortune I had to depend on; an uncle, however, took me into his house, saying, if I was a good girl, as he had no children, I should never know the want of a parent; but he wished I would strive to subdue that unhappy fretfulness of temper he had often remarked, ‘For, my dear Jenny,’ continued he, affectionately taking my hand, ‘Fretfulness clouds the brow, speaks in every lineament

of the face, and spoils its beauty.'—

This speech, kindly as it was uttered, gave me a dislike to my uncle; however, I accompanied him to his house, where, if it had not been my own fault, I might have been extremely happy. Three years I resided with him; but at the end of that time, in direct opposition to his advice and commands, and purposely to spite him for daring to concern himself in my affairs, I married a recruiting serjeant. This action incensed my uncle so much, that he turned me out of doors, and vowed never to see me again; but at that time I considered this as a trifling evil. Whilst our money lasted, I was happy with my husband; but we made haste to dissipate it; and

I was soon reduced to the level of the wife of a common soldier. I accompanied my husband to Germany, where I witnessed scenes at the mere recital of which humanity would shudder..... Oh, madam! I cannot describe the horrors attending the life of a soldier and his wife.—My husband was wounded in an engagement. We got leave to come home. I attended him through a long and wearisome illness; but my unhappy temper made him miserable. At length he recovered, and was ordered to join his regiment. Four tedious years elapsed, and each year brought an increase to our family. The little we had, was soured by unavailing repining, and fretful impatience.

on my part. I had now five children ; a serjeant's pay was poor maintenance ; but I had not been brought up to work, and knew not how to set about it. At the end of this time, my husband's wound broke out, and he was discharged from the army with a very trifling allowance. At intervals he worked to maintain us ; but alas ! what could a sick man do ; or who would employ him ? In this situation we wandered about the country in hopes of getting a little ; but alas ! except a few half-pence, bestowed by the hand of charity, we have little indeed ; and till your charitable assistance yesterday afforded us the means, we had not, for four and twenty hours, tasted bread ; yet even this, Madam, I think I could bear

better than the reflection of my ingratitude and disobedience to my uncle, whom, in my distress, I have several times sought to soften; but in vain—Oh, how ardently do I wish that I could recal the past. I should not then be as miserable as I now am.”—Here she stopt, and wept plentifully.

Mrs. Manners, having listened attentively to the stranger's tale, asked her if there was no employment she was herself capable of undertaking.

“ Indeed, madam,” she replied, “ I can hardly tell—I think, if I had some friend to apply to my uncle in my behalf he might yet be tempted to assist me with a little money to open a shop; and then, with industry and care, I should hope to earn a subsistence.”

“Is your husband a good one?”

“Better, Madam, than I have merited — He never upbraided me with idleness, though I have often reproached him, for not providing for us. Oh! madam, I have been a bad wife; but I see my error, and would fain convince him I do.”

“Is he in a dangerous state?”

“I believe he wants nourishment more than any thing else. His wound is again healed; but he is extremely weak, for want of food.”

“Well, give me your uncle’s address, and take this trifle....I have also made up a bundle of linen, which will help to clothe your children — Return to me in two or three days; and I will see what can be done;

but, in the mean time, take care to give your husband proper nourishment."

Heaping a thousand blessings on her benefactress, the woman took the money, and departed.

Meanwhile Mrs. Manners lost no time in writing to Mr. Allen (the poor woman's uncle), enquiring the truth of what she had asserted, and soliciting him to afford some assistance. An answer soon arrived, which confirmed the truth of the story, but with aggravated facts.

"Nevertheless," he continued, "at your solicitation, madam, and because I am sure you will not deceive me, I will, if possible, save my niece from further misery; but the ingratitude and contempt with which my advice was re-

ceived, and the fretfulness and impatience of her own temper, hardened my heart. I hope, however, her errors will be a lesson to her children and herself, and teach her the necessity of paying an early attention to their tempers. All her misery has originated from the false tenderness and indulgence of her parents, who left her to her own management, not correcting by gentle admonition and reproof the faults they could not but observe. Thence the whole tenor of her life was coloured; for, impatient of contradiction, wilful in the extreme, above receiving advice, and fretful, crabbed, and sour, when it was given, she could not submit to be guided. Her disobedience has been punished with misery and neglect; and

but for your charity, madam, she had probably, with her infants and husband, perished for want. Young people then should receive reproof with humility ; they should accustom themselves to consider that the experience their friends have attained by a longer residence in the world, enables them to give advice upon the best foundation ; and they should also be early taught to regulate their passions, and curb their tempers."

Mrs. Manners hastened to communicate the success of her plan to the poor cottager, whose gratitude was unbounded ; and her benefactress had the pleasure of seeing her removed from famine and wretchedness to comparative luxury. Nor did the poor unfortunate

ever forget the sufferings which had led to so happy a termination ; but in compliance with her uncle's advice, she early sat about correcting the errors she observed in the dispositions of her children, who, by this attention to their minds, became comforts to her.

THE VISITOR.

“ I Have come to pass the day with you, Marianne,” said Lucy Andrews, meeting her just as she was going out at the door.

“ How unlucky !” replied Marianne ; “ my mamma has just engaged me to dinner with Miss Davenish ; but walk in, Lucy, and rest yourself.”

Lucy accepted the invitation, and accompanied her young friend back to the parlour, where Mrs. Aston was sitting.

“ Is it not unfortunate, mamma,” said Marianne, as she opened the door,

“Lucy Andrews has come to spend the day with me, and I am going out?”

“Well, then, my dear, she must not be disappointed.—You shall accompany Marianne on her visit, Lucy.”

“What, to Miss Davenish’s, madam?”

“Yes, my dear; but what makes you look surprised?”

“Because their father, madam, is a great gentleman, and mine is only a farmer. Besides, they are such proud young ladies, they won’t condescend to speak to me.”

“They have nothing to be proud of, Lucy, any more than you: their father got his money by trade; and your’s does the same.”

“Ah, madam! but what a different one to Mr. Davenish’s!”

“How different, my dear? Mr. Davenish was an oilman: great success, and few losses, enabled him to realise a handsome fortune; but his anxiety to save, made him negligent of giving proper instructions to his children; and his daughters, though richly dressed, and living in luxury, are yet uninformed and ignorant, while your father has brought up a very large family on the profits of a small farm, he has given you all good instruction, and good examples. It is true, your clothes are not so fine as those of Miss Davenish, nor have you a coach to ride in when you want to take the air; but your apparel is neat and clean, and your health is preserved by the exercise you take. Besides, Lucy,

I wish you to accompany Marianne on this visit. She has entertained a notion, that to be rich is to be happy, and that no one can do any thing right but those who have a large fortune at command. In the visit of this day, she may learn a new lesson; and, together, you may have opportunities of exercising your judgment. If Miss Davenishes behave coldly, don't seem to notice it, but treat them with civility. If they behave rudely for your sake, this shall be the last visit Marianne makes to them."

The little girls set off, though Lucy felt, as she was walking, something like repugnance to forcing her company where she knew it was not wished; but Mrs. Aston's will was

her law. She had ever loved Lucy better than any other of her daughter's young friends ; and Lucy returned her affection with interest.

Arrived at the mansion of Mr. Davenish, Marianne was received with rapture ; Lucy with cold civility : they were ushered through a train of servants into the room where the young ladies usually sat.

“ We have at last teized that nasty mademoiselle into a holiday,” said Emily, the youngest of the girls ; “ a cross, ill-grained creature ! Only because I told her she worried us to death with lessons, and I was resolved I would not learn them, she insisted upon punishing me. But I made an excuse, slipt down to

papa; and he sent word up by the footman, that she should not punish either of us.—Was not that good of him?"

"My mamma would not have done so," replied Marianne: "on the contrary, if I had made any application on the subject to her, she would have told me, my governess was the best judge of my merits or demerits, and she left my punishment entirely in her hands."

"La! then your mamma is very strict."

"Oh no, indeed, she is not; she is very indulgent."

"What! to let you be punished?"

"Unmeritedly, I know she would not; but if Mrs. Morst thought I de-

served it, my mamma would not screen me."

"Well, I'm glad my papa is not so particular.—But have you seen our last new sashes: they are the most beautiful things you ever saw. I'll shew them to you."

Here followed a display of the sashes, and not only of them, but of all the finery they possessed. After extolling one article, praising another, and recounting the vast price their mother had given for a third, they turned to Lucy, to whom they had yet scarcely spoken, and both together asked her, if she ever before saw such beautiful things; and whether she did not wish she had such.

"No, indeed," replied Lucy, mildly.

“ I don't believe you, miss,” said Miss Davenish; “ and you only say so to make us think you don't envy us such nice things.”

“ Indeed I do not,” answered Lucy, in the same tone.

“ That's only because you can't get them,” returned the other.

“ That's very true, indeed, miss; for it would be very wrong of me to wish for what I can't get: it would only make me fretful and unhappy.”

“ Why, if you had them, it would not be right you should wear such.”

“ That is the very reason, miss, why I neither envy you the possession of them, nor wish to obtain them for myself.”

Miss Davenish felt displeased that

she could not excite in Lucy's bosom a spark of envy for her superior good fortune. This is a sensation often experienced by little minds, and a gratification to the narrowness of their hearts.

At dinner, the plate of Marianne was continually heaped with the greatest niceties at table, while that of Lucy was scarcely noticed: indeed, but for the attention of Mademoiselle, she would probably have risen from table with her hunger unsatisfied.

With the desert, the younger children made their appearance; and nothing was seen or heard but scrambling for the fruit, or crying and screaming at the disappointment of not being able to attain the exact thing they wanted.

At length, all was devoured but one peach : the eldest Miss Dayenish asked for it. " Give it to your visitors, Susannah," said her mother.

" By no means, ma'am," they returned : " we have sufficient, and wish for no more."

" Then I will have half, Susan," said Emily.

" That you shan't," replied the other.

" I will, miss;" and Emily snatched it.

Mademoiselle would have interfered.

" Let them fight it out," said the father.

Thus encouraged, the girls contended with no little violence. Their

young guests were shocked. Mrs. Davenish interposed her authority; but it was some time before she could be heard, and even then the sobbings of her daughters nearly overpowered her voice.

“Why, I’m ashamed of you, Miss Davenishes,” said she, “I never saw such behaviour; I’m sure nobody would think your papa had spent so much money on your education; I declare you behave like two bears.”

“Why la! mamma!” replied her eldest daughter; “I got the peach first, and I had the greatest right to it.”

“Well, miss, suppose you did;” returned her sister, “you had eaten three or four before; and it was only out of

greediness you took it, and to spite me."

"Well, if I did, it's no more than you deserve; you know how you served me this morning about the tamarinds."

Much of this kind of dialogue succeeded; during which, Marianne and her young friend crept close together, frightened at witnessing such a contention between relations, who certainly ought to have had but one will.

When the tumult had a little subsided, Mrs. Davenish observed to Marianne, that she must be a stranger to scenes of that kind, having no brothers or sisters to quarrel with—"As for you, my little girl," said she, addressing Lucy, "I dare say you are

not surprised at these things; for I think I heard our bailiff say, your father had a very large family, twelve children, I think; among so many, I suppose there is continual quarrelling."

"No, that there is not, indeed," returned Marianne with spirit, and speaking for her friend; "I sometimes am a week together at Mr. Andrews's, and I never heard a quarrel among any of them in my life: indeed, they only seek to oblige each other."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Davenish.—
"But tell me, my dear," added she to Lucy, "how does your father manage you all?"

"I don't know what you mean

ma'am, by managing us; my father tells us, that, to be happy and comfortable, we must be mutually obliging, and kind to each other, and strive to do all the good we can to our neighbours."

"And pray how do you spend your time?—Do you go to school?"

"No, madam; my mother has been our instructress; she gives us allotted tasks to learn, and perform; after they are completed, our time is our own; but, upon the least disagreement, we are separated from the rest of the family, and left to amuse ourselves as we can."

"La! I should like that," said Emily.

"No, indeed, miss, you would not;

for you would soon learn, that even in your entertainments, you are dependant, and that pleasure can be only enjoyed by participation."

"You are right," said Mrs. Davenish; "Mademoiselle, you and I will, to-morrow, walk over to farmer Andrews's, and obtain a little insight into the system of instruction he pursues, with his young folks."

Soon after tea, Marianne was fetched: the Miss Davenishes pressed her to stay longer; but she said, her mother never allowed her to keep a servant waiting.

"Well, indeed!" returned Emily; "I should not study that; I always make our's wait: all genteel people do so."

"But is it right, nevertheless, that they should? My mamma tells me, it is my duty to come the moment I am sent for. It is not for me to infringe upon time that might be better occupied; she has other business for her servants besides waiting on me; and if I detain them, that business must be neglected."

As the young friends walked homewards, they concluded they had never spent a more disagreeable day.

"For my part," said Marianne, if all who are rich are like the Miss Davenishes, I hope I shall never be acquainted with any; for they are unhappy in themselves; and that causes every one about them to feel uncomfortable."

"Riches alone, then, my dear," said her mother, "you see, cannot purchase happiness: the regulation of the temper, subduing our bad habits, and acquiring good, will always insure more lasting peace, and permanent happiness, than the possession of riches we cannot enjoy, and luxuries we do not know how to value."

THE LESSON.

"I CAN never get through this translation," said William Lutwidge, tossing over the leaves of a Cornelius Nepos.

"Oh fye, William!" replied his brother; "how often has papa told you, that patience and perseverance will surmount the greatest difficulties."

"That's fine talking, Frederick; but you have no notion how very tiresome this translation is; and I am sure I have had both patience and perseverance; for I believe I have already been three days at this lesson, and I cannot conquer it now."

Here Mr. Lutwidge entered—"What is the difficulty and hardship you complain of, William?"

Ashamed of being overheard, William hung his head, and recounted his troubles.

His father, after reasoning with him on the necessity of a patient application as the only means of conquering the difficulty of study, detailed the following story:—

"Henry Tasker had the misfortune to lose both his parents before he was eight years of age. His father had been only a poor labourer, and his mother took in washing. They had several children before Henry, who all died very young. Mrs. Tasker was an ailing, delicate woman; and half of

what her husband got, went to pay the apothecary; so that little could be spared for poor Henry's instruction: however, a few weeks before the death of his father, he was sent to school; where he learnt his letters, and the first sounds of the vowels united to consonants; but this advantage he soon lost; and at the time of his mother's death, which followed that of his father only six weeks, he was left totally unprovided, without a friend in the world. As his parents did not of right belong to the parish in which they died, poor little Tasker was driven from it to that in which he was born. The overseers, seeing him a strong lad, sent him to work in the fields. Many years of misery succeeded, till he was taken

into the service of a farmer, whose ploughman, fortunately for Henry, could both read and write. Henry, amid all his misery, was fond of his book; and an old Dilworth he had purchased with his little savings, was his greatest treasure, as well as amusement. How often have I seen him sitting on a large stone, or stump of a tree, when employed to frighten the crows from the corn, with his book in his hand, pondering over and studying its contents!—Before he was taken into farmer Price's service, he had, by unremitting industry and close application, mastered all the first lessons, and could spell words of one and two syllables with great readiness and accuracy, but when in his fellow servant the ploughman he was fortunate

enough to meet a tutor; his improvement became so rapid, that he presently outstript his instructor, both in reading and writing; and the constant application he paid, perfected him so rapidly, that his writing was far from contemptible. Figures he acquired also by unremitting industry. Perhaps you will smile when I tell you, he learnt the multiplication table by counting stones and laying them in heaps, thus to find out how many four times four made. He counted out four stones, then four more, till he had placed his four parcels, which he at last added together; thus he acquired the multiplication table; but this was gained by patient industry. At length his master, finding him a diligent and good lad, paid for a quar-

ter's instruction for him, in which time he conquered the most difficult parts of arithmetic, and laid the foundation of that situation he now enjoys. Mean time, he relaxed not in proper attention to his master's concerns, whom he regarded, not only as a master, but as a father and benefactor. His diligence and attention were rewarded by kindness, and the gift of many useful and profitable books—a gift Mr. Price wisely thought more serviceable than money, though he frequently bestowed an odd three-pence, or six-pence on him. This money Henry employed in purchasing paper and implements for writing; and such was his genius, united to his application, that, with the benefit of a little more in-

struction, which he paid for out of his wages, he acquired a speedy and more than common knowledge of mathematics. He remained with the farmer till he was eighteen; but his genius soared above his station; and his master kindly recommended him to a relation, who, having seen and admired the patient perseverance of this uneducated rustic, took him into his counting house, where, by filling his different stations with propriety, acquitting himself with modesty and diffidence, and wisely forbearing to pursue the paths of vice, so destructive to youth, he has gradually risen to be first or managing clerk. His income is handsome, and has been considerably augmented by the publication of several

works, which do as much honour to his heart as his head, and rank him among the first moral and classic authors—You see, then, William, what patience and perseverance may effect. Nor is this alone a single proof. I could furnish you with many others. Never, then, be discouraged at trifling difficulties: they may be surmounted; and the result will amply pay the labour."

"I will be as patient as Henry Tasker," said William, "and I will translate Cornelius a thousand times, but I will be right at last."

"Pray, father, favour us with another story on this subject," said Frederick.

"I will, my dear.—Charles Leeson was, at the early age of eleven, taken

from a public school to serve as midshipman on board one of his majesty's ships of war. In this situation he lost all the little knowledge he before possessed, and acquired, strange as it may seem, habits of indolence he afterwards found it difficult to conquer; but he was, unfortunately, on board an admiral's ship, where there are always an overabundance of these young men, consequently he had but little duty to perform, and that little he too often neglected; but great interest did much for him. At the expiration of seven years, he passed as lieutenant, without having acquired the least knowledge of navigation. He had, besides, committed several extravagancies; and, in short, from idle, though not vicious

habits, he had forfeited the favour and countenance of all his friends ; and he found himself, at the conclusion of the war, reduced to half pay only. Another war succeeded ; his friends would not patronise him, and he dared not apply to the Admiralty for a ship, conscious that he was unequal to the duty his station in it required ; for the first time, then, reflection obtruded ; nor could all his efforts chase her away. At length, he thought, could he not recover his lost time ?—the thought grew to a wish, and the wish strengthened into desire.—‘ I have lost a great deal of time, it is true,’ said he, ‘ and now, that I might be among the first on the line of promotion, I dare not risk going on board ; but nothing is impos-

sible to an ardent mind—I will apply; and possibly when my friends see my diligence, and find that I have conquered the difficult parts of navigation, they may yet interest themselves for me.’—He did so, his diligence was rewarded, by finding every day added to his stock of knowledge, and his capacity to learn. To be brief, he surmounted all his difficulties; made fresh application to his friends, who had watched the progress of his conduct, when he thought they had totally lost sight of him. He procured an appointment, in which he conducted himself so well, and manifested such proofs of nautical knowledge and ability, that he was shortly after promoted. He was posted to a ship; and his merits and industry are

now as conspicuous as his former neglect and indolence were evident, and I have no doubt myself but he will be made an admiral."

"But he had always the ability to learn; had he not father?"

"Yes, my dear; but what signifies ability without industry? fortunately Capt. Leeson saw his error before he was too old to be finally ruined by it: but he felt he suffered not only in the opinion of his friends, but in his own private interest; he undoubtedly lost some years emoluments and honours; for there is no question, but, with his interest, he might have been much earlier promoted, had he, while serving his time as midshipman, made navigation his study, and fitted himself for

the capacity he was afterwards to fill. How often, how seriously have I heard him deplore his lost time, and wish he could recal it. Were you to witness his anxiety for his children, hear his constant urging of them, to industry and application, you would, I am sure, feel that he felt the necessity of it.—‘I can never now, Mr. Lutwidge,’ said he one day to me, ‘say I have recovered what I lost by idleness and inattention: the lessons given in youth make the deepest impression; the time I afterwards devoted to the study of navigation, I ought to have spent in actual service: besides, I lost several opportunities of being a rich man; for, at the beginning of a war, which is to sailors, generally speaking, the most profitable part of it,

I had my business to learn. I cannot tell you how I have felt as I perused the different accounts of spirited actions, and reflected that I might have come in for my share of glory in them, had I not forfeited the opportunity by indolence."

"I will be both industrious and assiduous," said little Frederick; "and when I am at sea, I will study navigation all day."

Mr. Lutwidge smiled, and did not discourage his son's eagerness. Upon William these little anecdotes made a strong impression, and he became remarkable for patient application and persevering industry.

SCANDAL.

"YOU may ask Maria Clevely to pass your birth day with you, my dear ;" said Mrs. Trevor to her daughter.

"Ask Maria Clevely, mamma! I hope you are not in earnest—I am sure I should not like to see her here—You can't think how I am deceived in her."

Mrs. Trevor was astonished at the earnestness with which her daughter uttered this speech, and gravely enquired what had induced her to alter her opinion of her young companion, one for whom she had so often pro-

fessed the greatest affection, and was never easy but in her company. "I fear you are capricious, Clara, and fickle in your regards; if so, you will never have a real friend."

"No, mamma; I am neither fickle nor capricious; but Maria Clevely has spoken so disrespectfully both of you and me, that I shall never love her again. I have often thought to tell you; but I did not like to expose her—I knew you would one day find her out."

"You are right, Clara, not willingly to expose the faults of your friends; but are you thoroughly convinced, Maria has injured you by false representations—I you should be as cautious of believing

ill of others as reporting it of them—
Tell me what Maria has said.”

“Why, that I was very fond of dress, and told a great many falsehoods, and you were always out, and never minding your family; that she was never in any house where her time passed so miserably, as you were continually quarreling and finding fault either with me or the servants.”

“Are you convinced, Clara, that Maria said all this, did you hear her?”

“No, mamma, I was told of it.”

“By whom, my dear?”

“By Miss Hannah Lipyeats.”

“And do you believe Miss Hannah Lipyeats speaks truth?”

“Yes, mamma.”

“You have no doubt of her veracity

then ; she is always correct ; is she Clara ?”

“ As to being always correct, mamma, I can’t say as much : she has told fibs sometimes, I believe ; but I dare say this is no fib.”

“ Clara, how often have I told you to look on the fairest side of the question, and never, without full conviction, believe, or, if possible, think ill of any one—I cannot for one moment believe Maria Clevely ever spoke unhandsomely of you, I never heard her say an ill-natured thing or make an unfriendly remark on any person ; and, judging from her natural habits, I cannot give the same degree of credit you do to Miss Lipyeat’s assertion—But I will send to Maria, and question her, not

only by herself, but before her adversary—we shall soon find who is in fault.”

“Do not doubt that, mother; Miss Lipyeats begged me not to say any thing about it; she told it me in secresy.”

“I do not approve this kind of secresy, Clara; and the injunction more than ever convinces me of the falsity of the report. Miss Lipyeats must be a very malignant girl to stab in the dark; for, not content with aspersing the character of Maria, by representing her falsely, she prevents her attempting to vindicate it, by enjoining you to secresy.”

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance both of Maria Clevely,

and Miss Lipyeats. The discourse fell upon a neighbouring family, who had lately come to take up their residence in the village.

“ La ! Ma’am,” said the latter, addressing Mrs. Trevor, “ I never heard or saw such queer people in my life ; mamma sent to offer them a visit yesterday, which they accepted. Our whole discourse, during tea, was on what they pleased to call virtues ; and once or twice, when mamma would have given them little anecdotes of the neighbourhood, they would scarcely attend to them, and turned the discourse to different subjects.—Mamma wants sadly to find out who they are : she is sure, she says, they must be some low vulgar people, they have such odd

notions. When, during tea, I happened to speak of Mrs. Macauley's family, and mentioned her husband's having beaten her, and that she had taken to drinking, Mr. Melville told me, in such a severe tone of voice you have no idea of, that such young people as me should be careful how we circulated reports to any ones disadvantage, as it might not only injure them, but affix a very great stigma on my own character. I should be avoided he said, as a dangerous and chattering girl, who went into people's houses to see and hear all that passed, and then report it with additions. Now, was not this very rude, Madam? I am sure I said nothing but what was truth; all

the world knows Mr. Macauley beats his wife for getting tipsy."

"All the world do not know, Miss Lipyeat," said Mrs. Trevor: "as a proof, Mr. Melville's family did not. I was there the other evening, and they were both praising Mr. and Mrs. Macauley in very high terms. You do not know, I presume, that Mr. Melville is related to them."

"No, Madam, I did not—are they? I'm sure, if I had imagined they were, I should not have said what I did."

"You will, then, see the necessity of keeping a guard upon your speech before strangers; besides, you really asserted falsehoods."

"Indeed, Madam, I'm sure I did not—I'm sure I spoke truth—I have

seen Mrs. Macauley tipsey, and Mr. Macauley beat her."

"For shame! for shame, Miss Lipyeats! I know the time to which you allude, when she, poor creature, was seized with those dreadful fits she is so much accustomed to, and which take her so much off her feet, she can scarcely stand without staggering; and the circumstance of his beating her, you so maliciously represent, was striking her on the palms of her hands, which is the only thing that gives her relief: thus, my dears," said she, addressing herself both to Clara and Maria, "how malice can represent trifles.—Miss Lipyeats," she continued, speaking particularly to her, "that you are apt to represent things not as they

really are, but as your disposition leads you, I see very plainly. I am now fully convinced that all you have asserted as having dropt from the lips of Maria Clevely, is wholly false ; for she who can unprovokedly and wantonly trifle with the good name of one, will not scruple to advance what is false respecting another."

" May I ask, Madam," said Maria, modestly, " what Miss Lipyeats has said of me ?"

" Certainly, my dear ; it is but right you have opportunity given to vindicate yourself."

Here Mrs. Trevor recapitulated all her daughter had before recounted.

" Can you, dear Mrs. Trevor, and you, my still dearer Clara, believe all

this?—Can you think unkindly of me?”

Clara hung down her head, while Miss Lipycats, abashed, confounded, and ashamed, knew not which way to look, or where to turn. She was convinced her falsehoods were detected, and consequently felt her consequence was for ever lost in the opinion of those before whom she now stood. Clara and Maria both turned from her with disgust, and she felt her company was no longer welcome.

No sooner had she quitted the house, than Mrs. Trevor, addressing the little girls, bid them remark, how certainly and invariably falsehood was detected; “be assured, my dear children,” she continued, “the safest and pleasantest

paths are those of truth ; it shrinks not from observation ; it fears no detection ; a slanderer and a liar are synonymous ; both are hateful characters ; both alike dangerous, and dreadful to society ; in the company of either, people are never safe ; for they are in constant danger of having every action, word and look misrepresented : half the quarrels which exist in families, and among the community at large, proceed from the false colouring, or malicious representations, of these unfortunate creatures, who enter into company with the full determination to canvass and report every occurrence that passes in it ; and this is frequently done with so strengthened and malicious a colouring, that the most serious evils have been known to arise

from it. Let me caution you, then, my dear girls, to avoid insidious remark, or ill-natured observation ; where you cannot applaud, at least do not too severely condemn ; never suffer a hasty judgment to pass your lips ; but reflect, that some action or other in your own conduct may give occasion for censure. Where you do judge, then, judge favourably ; always hear both sides of the question before you decide ; and let your decision be on the side of mercy. Let this be the grand rule of your lives—
“Do as you would be done by.”

ELIZA AND FANNY.

ELIZA and Fanny Villars were two little girls, alike beloved by their mother, who was a most excellent woman, of strong natural understanding, and great abilities. She had endeavoured to educate her children in a proper manner, and to bring them up in the strictest unity and affection; but she had the mortification to find that her endeavours were lost upon Fanny, who, unfortunately for her, was her father's favourite. Mr. Villars was naturally a weak man, and, by giving way to an inordinate love of drinking,

in his drunken fits he used to ridicule his wife, and teach Fanny to despise her authority. He would frequently, from the pure spirit of contradiction, oppose her most serious commands, and thwart her firmest purposes, in the system of instruction Mrs. Villars pursued with her children. This was a most serious evil. She knew when Mr. Villars was overpowered with liquor, he would not bear the least contradiction; and at these times the smallest opposition to his will made him noisy, turbulent and unruly to a degree. She could not then inspire in the minds of her daughters, that respect for him which his situation as a father demanded; and she was frequently obliged to submit, where, according to

her ideas of propriety, submission was injustice.

From the folly and over-indulgence of her father, Fanny had become quite a spoiled child, while Eliza was wholly neglected. Eliza, however, had a steady and affectionate counsellor in her mother, who strove, by every prudent means, to rectify the jealousy her husband's visible preference of his youngest daughter excited in the breast of the elder; but though Eliza could not but yield to the arguments and remonstrances of a parent she so tenderly loved, she could not help being mortified at the neglect she experienced; and this mortification was increased by the following circumstance:—

She had been in ill health, and rid-

ing on horseback was prescribed by the physician. Her father, being at a neighbouring fair, saw, and bought a poney, he thought suitable for her to mount. Upon returning home, he mentioned the purchase he had made, and concluded his account of it, by saying, "This horse is to be considered entirely as your own, Eliza: it is a gift from me to you; and I expect you will value it accordingly."

As Mr. Villars had never before bestowed any article of value upon his eldest daughter, while he had been long in the habit of heaping them on his youngest, she received the present with the utmost gratitude, and unbounded delight; her eyes sparkled with joy at this unlooked-for proof of his affec-

tion, and every action manifested the pleasure it bestowed.

“ I will always feed him myself, dear mother,” said she ; “ and I will ask old James to take care of his stable. How I do long to ride him ! ”

Fanny had sat in sullen silence during the whole transaction, with her head hung down, and her countenance loaded with displeasure. Her father saw the change, and calling her to him, kissed her, and asked what he should give her as an equivalent.

“ Nothing,” she surlily replied.

“ Nay, now, Fanny, you are vexed at my giving the horse to Eliza ; but I have bought you a beautiful little dog, and I will give you two of my best

lambs: you shall take your choice of them."

"I won't have them," she replied with increased ill humour, "I don't want a dog, and I can't ride upon lambs. I will have the poney."

"But I have given it to Eliza."

"I don't care for that; you can give her something else, and me the poney, or buy her another."

"I can't afford it; I gave fifteen guineas for this; it is a bargain, and worth five and twenty. I must pay that sum for a horse of equal merit."

Fanny began to cry and sob.

Mrs. Villars spoke to her, saying, how wrong she was; that it was a present given merely for the re-establishment of Eliza's health; and

it was presumed it might have the desired effect.—“But you, Fanny,” she continued, “have no need of a horse; you are quite well; nothing ails you; you have the full liberty of using your limbs, without being sensible of the same degree of fatigue Eliza is; and if you truly loved her, you would be happy to see her possessed of any thing which would contribute to her health. Besides, your father has, for years past, been constantly in the habit of bestowing the most costly presents on you, while Eliza has not even had the smallest gift bestowed on her. Is it just, then, Fanny, that you should envy or covet this?”

Fanny pouted, and still sulked, every now and then exclaiming, “I will have it, that I will.”

“But you must not, nor shall you,” returned her mother; and, by way of punishment for your conduct, I will increase the gift by the addition of a new saddle and bridle.”

This threw Fanny into another violent fit of crying; and her father, melted by her tears, half drunk himself, and by way of contradiction to his wife, whom he too often delighted to oppose, he consented to take the horse from Eliza, and bestow it upon his favourite. This determination threw Eliza into tears; nor could all the mild reasoning of her mother have any effect towards soothing her.—In this disposition was the family when they were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Arthur, brother to Mrs. Villars. He, who had

long remarked the partiality of his brother-in-law for his youngest daughter, had felt, in turn, an increased affection for the elder, and had from her infancy designed her for his heiress. He naturally demanded the cause of the disturbance he witnessed; having learned it, he took Eliza on his knee, kissed her, and said, if she were but a good girl, she should have one of superior value. She threw her arms about his neck, sobbing out her thanks, but said, it was not the loss of the horse, nor the value of it, that grieved her: it was the sad conviction, how much better her father loved her sister than he did herself; “and yet I know not, dear uncle,” she continued, “that I have ever offended him: I am sure

I love him dearly, and should be happy to have an opportunity of shewing that I do so."—That opportunity was not long in presenting itself.

But to return—Fanny conquered her father, in obtaining the horse from Eliza; but she in turn was gratified by receiving the promised one from her uncle, which was so much superior, both in beauty and management, that it became a fresh and constant source of envy and disgust to her sister.

In consequence of continued intemperance, the health of Mr. Villars became so much impaired, that he was confined to the house, and demanded the most patient attention from all around him; but Fanny, unless forced by the reiterated and positive commands

of her mother, could never be induced to stop five minutes at a time beside him, though her presence afforded the greatest pleasure. Eliza, on the contrary, was most assiduous and attentive. One day, Mrs. Villars, thinking her husband better, stept out to market, strictly enjoining her two daughters not to leave him for a minute till she returned; she however had scarcely quitted the house before Fanny left the room, and repaired to the garden. It happened that Mrs. Villars met, as she was going, a person with whom she wanted to speak, and returned with her. Just as she entered the house, she heard a violent scream issue from her husband's chamber, to which she ran with all the speed she

could, and found him fainting in the arms of Eliza.

“Where is your sister?” said she to the weeping girl, whose tears had now come to her relief, “why is she not here when I commanded her to stay?”

Eliza was silent; she did not like to tell tales of her sister, nor would she assert a falsehood.

With the assistance of strong stimulatives, Mr. Villars was recovered. He saw his wife and Eliza in tears beside him; and he cast an anxious look for Fanny—it was in vain—she was no where near him. At length he articulated, “Where is your sister, my dear?”

Eliza, to whom the term of “my

dear," had been rarely used, felt it in her heart, and burst into tears.

"What is the matter my love?" continued her father, in still more affectionate accents—they were too much for his daughter; falling on her knees, and kissing his hand, "Oh my dear dear father!" said she, "am I your love? do you, indeed, do you love me, as well as Fanny?"

"Do justice to her merit and affection, dear Villars," said his wife; "this dear girl never leaves you; her heart and all her affections are yours; and a kind word from you is the richest reward you can bestow."

"She is a good girl, and an excellent nurse—I wish I had never made a difference between her and her sister—"

I shall, I hope, grow wiser, learn to distinguish her merits, and reward them as they deserve."

This incident affected Mr. Villars very sensibly; it however increased his love for Eliza, without lessening his affection for her sister, who had gained such hold upon him, that he could not divest himself of the weak partiality he still entertained for her.

As these two children grew up, their tempers and manners became very opposite. Fanny, always the favourite of her father, indulged by him in every wish of her heart, and continually drawing from his pocket large supplies of money, was neglectful of him in illness, and frequently treated him with contempt. It was her misfortune to

lose her mother just as she attained the age of sixteen. The sorrow of Eliza was unbounded; the tenderness and solicitude this excellent parent had always manifested for this neglected girl, had inspired her with a love next to adoration for her; her loss therefore was sincerely and deeply felt, yet, when she saw how much her father was affected by their common misfortune, she controuled her own feelings to soothe his. Not so Fanny,—a few tears, given when the first shock was felt, was all she dropt, for a mother whose prudence and example were lost upon her. For she, after the trifling effusion of her first tears, considered she had got rid of a monitor, whose lessons she had found no small torment; one who

alone had power to guide and controul her, and who only had authority over her actions ; she consoled herself, therefore, with the idea of being now freed from admonitions she had long disregarded and felt tiresome ; she looked forward to perfect freedom of action, for she had, unhappily, too often proved her father's weakness in permitting her to follow the bent of her inclination, unchecked by that authority he as a parent ought to have exacted.

The health of Mr. Villars, very indifferent before, was considerably weakened by the death of his wife ; but this felt a still severer shock, when, at the expiration of a twelvemonth, a law suit in which he was engaged was decided against him, and his whole property,

with the exception of fifty pounds a year, fell a sacrifice to the decision. He had the satisfaction, however, to reflect, that his daughters would not be sufferers with him: their uncle, Mr. Arthur, had offered to take and adopt them; and as he was a man of extensive property, this was an offer not to be rejected.

Mr. Arthur lived in the gayest part of the metropolis; his house was frequented by the most fashionable circles, and his acquaintance were at once elegant and respectable. As his nieces were now of an age to be introduced into company, he judged that their residing with him might be of advantage to their future settlement in life. Under this impression, he offered to

take them home, an offer Fanny gladly and delightfully accepted, anticipating all the pleasure such an introduction into life would bestow ; and fancying herself the queen to whom all the homage would be paid.

As Mr. Arthur thought proper to make this offer to his nieces separately, he had an opportunity of seeing how they received it.—Fanny, as has been said, was all joy and eagerness, anxiously hoping to attend her uncle immediately—Eliza, on the contrary, received the offer with grateful affection, but begged to be excused accepting it.

“ Why, Eliza, should you object coming to live with me ? ” said her uncle.

“ To living with you, my dear sir !” she replied, “ I cannot : I should indeed be the most ungrateful girl in the world, if I entertained the least objection : but if both my sister and myself leave my father, what is to become of him ?”

“ This is an objection I should not have expected from you Eliza ; your father never treated you with the same degree of affection he did your sister ; of course, you are not expected to sacrifice yourself to him.”

“ I make no sacrifice, my dear uncle ! my father has been accustomed to affluence, and the command of many servants, besides the tender attentions of my lamented mother—Would it not, then, be cruel, if, at this juncture,

when deprived of all the luxuries he before enjoyed—when fortune crushed him, and his wife was no longer on earth to soothe and comfort him—would it not be barbarous, for both his children to forsake him?”

“Then let Fanny, who has so long been his idol, stay with him.”

“Fanny, my dear sir, loves and is fitted for company; I am naturally of a more domestic turn, and have had greater experience in the wants of a sick chamber; myself naturally ailing, I can feel for the pains he feels. Indeed, my dear uncle, grateful as I am for your kindness, and much as I have always thought the living with you would contribute to my happiness, I cannot leave my father.”

“ Eliza, do you consider that your father has little to support himself with; that if you persist in living with him, you must submit to do many menial offices to which you have never been accustomed; that you will have no servants to command, no one to assist you in the fatigue of attendance on a sick chamber; that you will probably have very little society beyond that of your father, and that constant illness, by trying the spirits, frequently makes the sufferer petulant and wearisome to all about him.—Can you, do you think, submit to all these, and nameless other inconveniences, while your sister is enjoying all that wealth and luxury can bestow?—While she is participating in all the pleasures of the gay world, do

you think you can contentedly remain in the sick chamber of your father, without feeling a sensation of envy at her superior good fortune?"

"I do not say, my dear uncle, but I may sometimes, when I may be fatigued or overcome with watching, think of her; but I shall think also, that I am merely doing my duty, and shall be happy in the reflection that if my dear mother were alive, her approbation would be my reward. As to the change in our circumstances, and the different avocations I shall be called to fill by it, they make the smallest part of my concern. I shall be more than gratified for all my fatigue, by seeing my services are acceptable to my father, and that the smile of affec-

tion spreads itself over his countenance at my approach.—As for envy of Fanny's superior good fortune, I trust that is a sensation I shall never experience ; the only regret I can feel, will be the loss of your society."

"That, Eliza, may not be the only loss this determination may afford you. Suppose me offended by your refusal of my offer, and suppose that, instead (as I always designed) of making my will in your favour, I should forget I had such a niece in existence."

"The loss of your affection will then be the severest blow of the two—Providence will take care of me ; but, to entitle myself to the blessings of heaven, I must do my duty while on earth ; that duty is to soothe the distressed mind,

and alleviate, if I can, the bodily anguish of my father.—Dear uncle, say no more; do not tempt me to be undutiful—I cannot desert my father.”

Here Mr. Arthur left her, secretly admiring, though resolved to see if her sense of filial duty would still remain undiminished when she had experienced some of the changes the loss of fortune produced.

Three months passed, Mr. Villars removed from the manor-house to confined lodgings, Eliza with him. Fanny accompanied her uncle to his town residence. Mr. Arthur made frequent visits to his brother-in-law, always bringing Fanny, who was dressed in a stile of elegance superior to any thing she had ever before been accustomed to.

Her uncle liberally supplied her pocket, and was continually bestowing some elegant trinket or ornament upon her. Her vanity was increased ; and, with a meanness natural to little minds, she exulted in every display of her finery to her sister, whom she thought would be mortified by it ; but Eliza felt no sensation of the kind ; her mind was infinitely superior to envy ; and the delighted affection with which her father received her endeavours to soothe and amuse him, more than compensated, in her opinion, for all the elegancies and luxuries Fanny partook.

At the expiration of this time, Mr. Arthur again pressed Eliza to quit her father, and live with him ; but his arguments were ineffectual, she felt plea-

sure in doing her duty ; nor could all the temptations held forth to allure her, have power to detach her from it. At length, when her uncle had urged every thing his fancy could suggest, he could no longer withhold expressing the admiration and delight her conduct had afforded him—" Good and excellent girl," said he, " heaven delights to bless virtue like yours : you shall no longer, my Eliza, be confined by narrow circumstances, but shine in a world you were born to ornament—Your father shall reside with me—you will then, I know, willingly give me your company—we will together strive to soften the hours of pain and disappointment ; and my Eliza shall be the comforter of all."


Mr. Villars accepted the generous offer of his brother-in-law, and they lived all together. In his eldest daughter he still continued to find a nurse, a friend and comforter, who, by her never wearying attention, convinced him of the injustice he had formerly done her. On his death bed, he blessed her with more than common energy ; telling her, that, for her sake, he hoped no parent would shew more partiality to one child than another : “ Fanny,” said he, “ whom I loved and idolized, neglected and forsook me in the hour of my distress ; but you, whom I never thought of with affection, have comforted my last days, and supported the hours of adversity and sickness, by duty and affection ; richly,

my child, will you be repaid; the Almighty, whose eye pervades the depth of the sea, will recompence the filial piety you have manifested; such as you are, your children will be; in them you will feel the blessings you have bestowed; and, like yours to me, will their conduct gladden your heart."

Of the future fate of Eliza and Fanny, my little readers will doubtless be anxious to learn. The former lived the delight of her uncle, while single, and of her husband when married; her virtues and piety were reflected in the minds and characters of her children; who saw her arrive to a venerable length of days, the beloved and cherished of every heart, and whose

memory was sweet from the recollection of the virtues and excellencies which had adorned her life.

Fanny fluttered a long time in the circles of fashion, without principle or piety; she lived condemned by the good for her ingratitude to her father, and felt, in turn, what it was to be neglected by her own children. How often afterwards did her heart wring with anguish, when she reflected, that all she suffered by their ingratitude, her father had formerly experienced from her's; and this is a sensation undutiful children will always experience.



THE NEGRO.

MR. Thomas Stradling went abroad at a very early age, to pursue his fortunes in America. It happened that the ship in which he went out had the misfortune to founder at sea; and Mr. Stradling with seven of the ship's company were all that escaped the wreck. A bag of biscuits, which they threw into the boat, and a small cask of water, was all on which they had to subsist. For three and twenty days they buffeted the world of waters, unknowing to what point they were steering, or which was the first land

they should make ; for, unfortunately for them, they had neither compass nor chart to steer by ; but by the observation of one of the seamen they conjectured they should be near some of the islands in the great South Sea. This conjecture was right. After three and twenty of the most tedious days ever passed by men, one of them descried land. The joy this discovery caused was felt in every heart, though five out of the eight were so exhausted they were scarcely alive to partake in it. After much hard labour, to people whose suffering had debilitated them, past almost the hope of recovery, they run their vessel into a creek, the land on either side of which exhibited the highest luxuriance : but it was that of

nature. The healthiest of them assisted the most infirm, and perhaps a more felicitous moment was never experienced than by these poor creatures, when the smell of the herbage, and sight of the fruit with which the trees abounded, first greeted their senses. After a few days residence, they all recovered, sufficiently to bear short walks up the country. It was in one of these excursions they encountered a party of the natives, whose hostile looks, and threatening manners, gave our people no favourable hopes of the treatment they might expect from them: they endeavoured, however, by the most submissive demeanour, and expressive signs, to convince them that they wished rather to be friends than

enemies, and that distress had driven them on their coast. The gestures of the natives, which were at first so menacing, began to wear a different meaning; and at length the oldest of them stepped forward, and tearing off a bough from a palm tree which grew near him, held it out. Our people eagerly seized and kissed it. They were then conducted to the huts of the natives, and entertained with the natural produce of the country. They were soon adopted into the families of these poor creatures, and experienced from them nothing but hospitality and kindness.

After they had been some time on this island, the eldest son of one of the chiefs was taken with a violent

and dangerous illness, which all the art of the natives could not cure; but Mr. Stradling, who had been intended for the practice of physic, witnessing the distress of the parents, and the acute pangs with which the poor youth was afflicted, offered to use the best of his skill on behalf of the invalid. His offers, though scarcely understood, were accepted, and by his care and attention a speedy and complete cure was effected.

From this moment Mr. Stradling was considered as a being of a superior class, and the gratitude of the father as well as the sufferer was frequently painful, as well as troublesome. During the stay our people were obliged to make, they had repaired their own

boat which was, at their landing, but in a very crazy condition; but having completed it so far as to render it again fit for service, they prepared to embark.

Their design was no sooner announced, than the most evident sorrow was visible in the countenances of their entertainers, who used every argument their language could enforce to intreat their continuance among them, but in vain. Our people, though they respected and esteemed them, could not give up the hope of once more visiting all those dear and tender connexions which make life desirable, to live among uncivilised strangers, who, though kind and hospitable to the utmost extent of their power, were not likely to make

amends for the total loss of every other attachment; they therefore persisted in carrying their design into execution.

When the natives found that no inducement they could offer was strong enough to detain them, they loaded them with presents, and victualled their small vessel, as if it were going an East India voyage. At length the day of embarkation arrived, when nothing was heard or seen but sorrow on the part of their late kind hosts, and real regret at parting with such kind friends, mixed with joy at the prospect, however distant, of being again united to the attachments of their earliest years.

Among the most affected at this separation was *Varnoo* the young man

to whom Mr. Stradling had been of such assistance. He could not be drawn from the shore, and notwithstanding the pressing entreaties, prayers, and tears of his parents and countrymen, he actually swam after the boat when it was full two miles from shore. Having reached it, he entreated to be taken in, declaring he would accompany them, let it be where it would; for Mr. Stradling had saved his life, and now he would devote it entirely to his service.

The Europeans conjured him to return, offering to accompany him back, but it was utterly vain; the representations they made of the distress which his loss would occasion to his parents, and the little probability there was of

his ever seeing them again—neither persuasions, threats, nor menaces, had effect, though all were in turn used to induce him to return. Varnoo was not to be persuaded, he imagined no ill could happen to him while with Mr. Stradling, and his attachment to that gentleman was not to be weakened by any representation of hardships, slavery, or even imprisonment to himself.

At length, after much debate, the party consented he should share their fortunes. Varnoo had some knowledge of the sea, and our adventurers found themselves much indebted to it; for as they coasted along they found him of much service to them—at length after running from island to island for some weeks, they put out to sea, and a strong

west wind setting in, they sailed pleasantly before it for more than a fortnight, at the expiration of which time they once more made the land, and found themselves on the south east coast of America.

Here they fortunately found a vessel bound to Europe, in which they once more embarked.—No words can express the surprise of Varnoo when he contemplated the vessel. He danced, sang, went up to the different parts, examined and felt them, and at last burst out into words: “What this great house live in water? and great trees, (meaning the masts) grow too? White man live, build house, grow tree, all in water!”—But if the exterior of the vessel excited his surprise, the

conveniences and ornaments of the interior completely enchanted his senses. He was never weary of examining the different articles with which the vessel was furnished, and repeatedly asked "if white man make that too?" when answered in the affirmative he would say, "Great white man! he know all, poor negro boy know nothing!"

Mr. Stradling, to whom the youth had particularly attached himself, seeing his propensity to learn, instructed him in reading and writing: he also instilled into his mind proper ideas of his duty to God, and his parents. Varnoo received all his lessons with an aptness that astonished his teacher. In short, before they had made the Land's end, Varnoo could both speak

and write English with tolerable correctness.

When arrived in the metropolis, his admiration at all he saw and heard was boundless: but, to his great mortification, he was obliged to be separated from his master, whose friends deemed him an inconvenience. Mr. Stradling, however, sincerely loved him for the attachment he had so steadfastly evinced, and spared from the trifle he had, a small sum to apprentice his favourite for three years to a carpenter and joiner. Varnoo's delight when he first began to be able to undertake small jobs cannot be expressed; and he served his three years with an attention and fidelity rarely witnessed.

At the expiration of this time the friends of Mr. Stradling, who noticed him on account of his good conduct, offered to send him back to his own country; but Varnoo, though he longed to embrace his father and friends, could not bear the thought of being lost to his benefactor for ever, without taking a final leave of him; but he was in Jamaica, and how could poor Varnoo get there?

After much internal conflict between the desire he felt to see his father, and the equal one to see his friend, he determined for the latter, and, with the assistance of his late master, engaged as carpenter of a ship bound to Kingston; at which place he arrived six weeks after his quitting England. Varnoo now imagined he

should immediately be gratified with the sight of his benefactor; and as he had been furnished with letters from Mr. Stradling's friends, to their correspondent in Jamaica, he hastened to deliver them and make the necessary enquiry; but his mortification was extreme, when he found he had settled on the north side of the island. Thither, however, he resolved to go; and, after enduring much fatigue (for he positively walked every step, his finances not allowing any other conveyance) he arrived at Port Maria; but Varnoo's troubles were not ended. He found his Master, it is true; but he found him almost expiring with the yellow fever.

Grieved as he was to see him in

such a state, his affection and gratitude overcame his fatigue, and he became at once the nurse and physician of his benefactor, who knew him, and received his attentions with pleasure. Varnoo in his own country had obtained more than a common knowledge of simples; and as the produce of Jamaica was not very dissimilar to that of the land in which he had first drawn breath, he requested leave to prepare a remedy for his beloved master.

The physicians who attended Mr. Stradling objected to this; but Mr. Stradling softened them by saying, that he did not expect to survive, and therefore it would be of little consequence, and as it was only an outward application his friend meant to make use of, he begged he might be allowed to try it. He did

so; and on its proving successful, Varnoo's delight was unbounded.

When Mr. Stradling was sufficiently recovered to enter into discourse, he expressed his surprise at seeing him, and requested to know what had brought him to Jamaica, " Oh massa, dear massa," replied Varnoo, who still retained much of the native simplicity of his manners and language, " me come, tank you for all your goodness; Varnoo go home, make father, friends, countrymen, know how make box, build house and great many good tings; but first come see good massa, dat make Varnoo know all, dat be best friend to poor blacky man, cause he give him learn."

" Varnoo," said Mr. Stradling, " I

shall never cease to remember you with affection, and as soon as any ship arrives that will convey you near your home, I will give you better proofs of it than words; but while you are here, my poor fellow, I cannot treat you as I wish. I must not here be seen to associate with you. What shall I then do with you? I cannot treat you as a slave; and the cruel customs of this country prevent my using you as a friend."

"Ah massa, never mind dat, Varnoo see you, love you, be happy; only you speak kind; say Good Varnoo, and he want no more."

During four months this faithful creature continued in Jamaica, when an accident occurred that displayed his

heart more than a volume of words. The weather had for many days been close and sultry, no air agitated a leaf, not a breeze relieved the intense heat with which the air was oppressed; the consequence was an earthquake, followed by so tremendous an hurricane, that trees, houses, stills, and every thing were torn up, and the frightened inhabitants knew not whither to fly for shelter, or to whom to look for assistance. The plantations of Mr. Stradling suffered materially, and his house and great part of his cane works were swallowed up. His life however was preserved by the fidelity of Varnoo, who seeing the danger, seized him by the arm, and forcibly dragged him to

a canoe which was fortunately at no great distance from the house.

As the shock of the earthquake was over, the hurricane and its effects were now alone felt, and dreadful indeed were the effects. Hundreds that had imagined themselves secure from poverty, and valued themselves upon their prosperity, were hurled from the height on which fortune had appeared so securely to place them, and were exposed to all the ills poverty and misery could inflict. A vessel which was riding in the Port of Maria, had happily sustained little damage: and it offered the apparently only secure refuge to the distressed inhabitants, from the horrors which surrounded them, and to it they fled for safety. Among the

rest was Mr. Stradling, who had been carried thither by his faithful Varnoo, in a state of insensibility—the next day gave to the sufferers still more acute misery than even the preceding evening had afforded. All was devastation and ruin ; the views upon which the pleased eye had the day before hung with delight, and gave to the gratified mind the idea of future gain, were now no longer visible ; vast beds, and even channels of water supplied the place of those plantations which had so lately enriched the scene with their verdure and luxuriance. One vast heap of ruins now occupied the place of those buildings and works which had given labour to so many hands : in short, the whole country appeared desolate, and

the wretched inhabitants were involved in one general ruin.

The health of Mr. Stradling, which had for some time past been very indifferent, was again affected, and a voyage to England seemed the only chance for re-establishing that, and his affairs. Indeed he had been so very materially a sufferer that out of his whole property which, in works, plantation stock, and negroes, amounted to several thousand pounds, scarcely a hundred was left. Thus situated, hopeless, despairing, with a shattered constitution, and a ruined fortune, the world seemed a blank to him ; and but for the constant and unremitting attentions of Varnoo, who never quitted him, he had probably fallen a sacrifice to the melancholy and

despair with which he was sometimes almost overwhelmed.

On his arrival in England, new sorrows overtook him; for he found that his father was dead, and his brother, to whom he had made his principal consignments, had been declared a bankrupt but a week before his arrival. —“It is enough!” said he, as he sat contemplating the melancholy state of his affairs—“It is enough!—I have now nothing to do with the world. I will no longer strive against fortune, but retire to solitude and wretchedness.”

He was now desirous of dismissing Varnoo, but his faithful friend was not to be shaken off. “No Massa, Varnoo not leave you, he work, strive, live, for

his good friend ; he make you smile while he work and talk."--Mr. Stradling would not, however, suffer Varnoo to work for him, but he consented to his abiding with him, in the hope that when his own and his brother's affairs came to be settled he should be enabled to recompense his fidelity.

But the shock attending his misfortunes had so seriously affected his health, that he was judged in the greatest danger ; the expences attending a long illness he could scarcely support ; and indeed he was from necessity obliged to forego many necessaries which his case demanded ; but these, under various pretences, were supplied by Varnoo, who, having applied to his former master, had been taken into

immediate employ. His earnings he shared with his beloved benefactor as he delighted to call Mr. Stradling, who would fain have declined accepting these proofs of the poor fellow's gratitude ; but he was now bold in the consciousness of doing right, and proud of an opportunity of evincing his unfeigned gratitude.

During four months of patient and unremitting suffering Mr. Stradling was supported and nursed by this faithful creature. But at the expiration of that time he received letters from his correspondent in Jamaica, which gave him the pleasing intelligence of his affairs wearing a better aspect than they had promised, and as good fortune seldom comes unattended, he found

that his brother's estate would pay a dividend of fifteen shillings and sixpence in the pound, so that on coming to a final settlement, he received a sum of money sufficient to enable him to return with his faithful Varnoo to the West Indies. Upon the whole his prospects wore a tolerably pleasing appearance, and, much as his plantation had suffered, both by the earthquake and hurricane, he found he might yet retrieve his losses.

After the lapse of a few years, he saw himself reinstated in his former affluence, and the death of a relation, who left him a considerable property, enabled him to return to England.

Varnoo, who had steadily adhered to the interest of his benefactor, was not

forgotten in the fortunes that now awaited him, "My friend," said Mr. Stradling, taking him by the hand, "be henceforth my companion: Share alike my prosperity, as you have my adversity, and let it be remembered to the honour of your countrymen, that when neglected by every friend, I was cherished and supported by the kindness and industry of a negro. Never again then, for your sake, may the proud European exult and tyrannise over the unfortunate beings, whom colour alone distinguishes; but when prompted to use the whip, or load them with the galling chain, may they consider that they are equally as important in the eye of the Creator, as themselves; for although their complexions may be dif-

ferent, they have feelings in unison with ours, and their hearts are equally, if not more, capable of gratitude and attachment."

THE PARISH GIRL.

BARBARA Sommerton, was an orphan child, apprenticed out by the parish of R— to a mantua-maker. Her father and mother had formerly kept what is called a country shop, but through misfortunes in trade and long sickness they became bankrupts. About six months after their failure they both died, and their poor little girl became an orphan and a pauper, before she was seven years of age. But Barbara was naturally a good and clever child, and her conduct while a resident in the workhouse, her aptness to execute any little task set her to perform, in-

troduced her to the notice of the mistress, who not having any family of her own, kept the child constantly with her, and as she had been a woman that had been tolerably educated and likewise possessed good natural abilities, Barbara reaped much benefit from her instruction.

Time passed happily with the poor orphan till she had attained the age of thirteen, at which period a distant relation of her mother's invested ten pounds in the hands of the churchwardens and overseers of the parish, to apprentice her; and also left an equal sum to provide her with decent clothes. Barbara was therefore of necessity separated from her instructress, and placed under the care of Mrs. Matthews, a

woman every way the reverse of her, under whose mild guidance she had been so long placed.

Barbara soon felt the difference in her situation. She was indeed better clothed, and better fed than she had been in the workhouse; but she found that finery alone could not constitute happiness. As being the youngest apprentice she was perpetually ordered to execute the most unpleasant tasks, and was too often the subject of derision with her fellow apprentices; who, being for the most part unprincipled girls, would take every opportunity their mistress's absence afforded, of quitting their work, and idling away their time in noisy and turbulent play. They frequently pressed her to follow

their example, but Mrs. Heathcote had early instilled into her mind the necessity of integrity. To her companions pressing intreaties then she would say, "No, I must not, it would not be honest, for my time is my mistress's, and I should certainly wrong her, were I to pass it otherwise than in her service."

"Only hear the parish girl,"—"mind the miss from the workhouse," said they, insultingly; but their taunts and their intreaties were alike disregarded: she continued firm to her employment; nor could their ridicule or their example have power to detach her from it.

Mrs. Matthews was a haughty, imperious woman, too passionate to hear

reason, and too proud to attend to it from an inferior. With her elder apprentices she had received a larger premium than that paid with Barbara. They had likewise friends and relations in the town, from whom she derived much business; she therefore thought it her interest to wink at their foibles, at the same time that she listened with avidity, and gave implicit credit to all the tales and falsehoods they detailed respecting the poor orphan, who, without any friend in the world (besides the mistress of the workhouse) merited a thousand: the poor child's complaints were all lodged in the confiding bosom of Mrs. Heathcote, who invariably exhorted her to

patience and perseverance in what was right.

“Never be dismayed, Barbara,” this good woman would say, “depend upon it, if you continue to act properly, and do what is right, you will in the end be rewarded; your mistress will one day see your conduct in its proper light, and will then be sensible how much she has wronged you. Her misconduct will not excuse yours: you must, to gain the esteem of good people, act so as to ensure your own. Do that, and the reward of a good conscience will always make you happy.”

Thus continually exhorted, Barbara persevered in patiently submitting to many little insults, and was indefatigable in prosecuting her work. In

a hurry of business, when the work required dispatch, she was sure to get through the greatest portion. If an order was to be taken, Barbara alone could be depended on; nevertheless, though she was absolutely the slave of the house, though she worked early and late, and was constantly obliging to all, she could not make any impression on the favour of her mistress, whose contemptible pride taught her to despise the poor child because she was a *parish girl*, never considering that merit, however humble and obscure, will at some time or other burst out and be rewarded, and that it was rather her duty to encourage and give a degree of proper confidence to a girl so circumstanced, than, by cruel

taunts and oppressive contempt, to sink her even in her own opinion.

A circumstance, however, which happened in the house, displayed the character of Mrs. Matthews's apprentices in a pretty clear light.

A lady in the neighbouring town had given Mrs. Matthews a piece of very rich and scarce silk to make up; particularly enjoining her to return every bit that was left, as, should any accident happen to the gown, she could not match it. As this lady was a very good customer, the mantua-maker felt it her interest to oblige her, and therefore gave great caution to her apprentices respecting it, charging them not to waste the smallest piece, but be careful to roll up all

that was left, even to the most trifling shred; and the girls promised to obey her commands.

The mistress was now under the necessity of going out to wait on another lady; and, after leaving directions concerning the way in which the silk was to be cut, she left it in charge of her eldest apprentice, who, having served long enough, was judged competent to cut out the work.

The beauty of the silk, and its uncommon texture, attracted the admiration of the girls, who, in turn, wished for a piece of it, one for a pincushion, another for a housewife, each finding some use to which they thought they could admirably adapt it. Betsy Meadows, and Sarah Winton, the two

elder girls, resolved to help themselves to some, let the consequence be what it might. Betsey, as she had the cutting out of the work, agreed to be the thier, while Sarah was to be paid for her silence by a proportion of the property.

This action, slyly and cleverly as they thought they had managed it, was not so adroitly committed but Barbara saw it. She represented to them how much their mistress had insisted on their being careful of it, and enquired what they were going to do with the pieces they had slipt into their pockets.

“Do?” asked Betsey, boldly, “why what do you think we are going to do with it, but take care of it, and secure

it from your fingers, to be sure, Miss Curious?"

"You need not put it in your pocket for that purpose, then," returned Barbara, with some small degree of asperity, "I never yet took any that was not absolutely my own; and I should scarcely begin by stealing what my mistress gave such a particular charge to us not to touch. I wish," she continued, "you were as careful in these particulars as myself."

"What do you mean to insinuate, Miss?" retorted Sally, colouring violently; "Do you mean to say we are thieves?"

"I don't say you are positively thieves," said Barbara; "but I know

you are not as scrupulous as you ought to be."

"You have a fine artful way of getting off; but I assure you, I sha'n't put up with it; and shall tell my mistress of your conduct—This comes of taking *parish girls* into the house—I do not think we ought to let such low wretches associate with us—I declare I shall represent it to my aunt, and she shall talk to Mrs. Matthews on the subject."

"Parish girl as I am, miss," returned Barbara indignantly, "I scorn an improper or dishonest action, nor will I wink at it in another. You are welcome, therefore, to say what you please of me to Mrs. Matthews; but speak of me with truth: do not say what is false."

“ Oh do not be afraid of my doing that, miss, we can say nothing of you but what you deserve, and I am sure Mrs. Matthews will believe us.”

“ I do not doubt it at all, I am sure though I never tell her a falsehood, she never believes what I say, and I think it cruel to be doubted.”

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Matthews. Neither of the girls repeated what had passed, and the subject seemed forgotten. When the dress was finished, the pieces were carefully collected together, the mistress herself rolling them up.

“ This cannot be all,” said she angrily, “ where is the half breadth ? I am sure it was not used.”

Sally and Betsey coloured as red as crimson.

"Yes, ma'am, it was indeed," said the latter, "I cut it for the sleeves."

"It is false," replied her mistress, "I cut the sleeves myself, and I know I left the half breadth untouched."

"Indeed ma'am you did not," they both vociferated.

"Indeed but I did, and I will have it found, so seek for it directly."

After an hour's search however, they were still where they were, and the silk was not forthcoming.

"Well then," said Mrs. Matthews, "I will search your boxes, all of you, for I would not lose the silk for three times its worth; Mrs. —— is so excellent a customer, and I am sure I

should never have any thing again to do for her—did I not return all I have of this—So found it shall be, or I will put you every one into prison; therefore give me your keys.”

“ These are mine ma’am,” said Betsey, “ I am sure you will find nothing in my box but what belongs to me.”

“ And here are mine ma’am,” said Sally, “ though I was never before suspected of being a thief.”

—“ And now give me your’s Barbara,” said her mistress—Barbara immediately gave them up, and Mrs. Matthews proceeded on her search. Nothing was found in either Betsey’s or Sally’s boxes, but in Barbara’s, wrapt in a variety of other pieces, was found the

silk. She turned as white as death, while Betsey and Sally exultingly turned to their mistress saying, "You see ma'am how wrongfully you judged us, but this comes of taking parish girls. We have long known her to be an artful and dangerous girl, and the greatest hypocrite that ever lived; indeed we have seen two or three mean dirty tricks she has committed, but we never supposed her a thief, but I hope ma'am you are convinced of our innocence, indeed we would scorn to wrong you—I think however, ma'am, you should no longer insist on our sitting in the same room together."

"My aunt I am sure," said Betsey, "will be very much offended when I tell her I am obliged to associate with thieves."

“ I am no thief,” said Barbara boldly, who had recovered her spirit, “ I am no thief, I know nothing of the silks being in my box, and I won’t be accused of a crime I did not commit.”

“ Hold your tongue hussey,” said her mistress, “ I know it was you, I always suspected you of art and hypocrisy, and I have frequently doubted your honesty, but I am now convinced you were the thief; therefore prepare to be returned back to your workhouse, for I will go to the overseers directly, I am not safe in entertaining such a creature in my house and you are not fit company for these young people: therefore go into the garrett, and there stay till the overseers come for you.”

Barbara, drowned in tears, and proudly

angry to be thus apparently convicted of a crime she had not committed, scorned to return any answer to this harangue, but on being ordered out of the room, she turned to her companions with an air of dignified resentment, saying, "My being a *parish girl* as you are frequently pleased to call me, has alone been the reason of my meeting the treatment I have for some time past received ; but though now poor, oppressed, and loaded with the undeserved accusation of crimes which I would scorn to commit, the time may come when, befriended and countenanced by the deserving part of the world, I may in turn rise superior to you both."

Mrs. Matthews was true to her

word; she sent to the overseers, who came immediately, and upon her representation, and that of the other girls, Barbara was returned to the workhouse.

Upon her entrance she would as usual have repaired to the room of her friend Mrs. Heathcote, in her bosom to have deposited her sorrows, but the tale of her disgrace had fled before her, and the cold and averted looks of her benefactress told her how little she had to expect from her consolation. The frigid manner of her late friend, struck to the heart of the poor girl, who retired into a corner to weep over her miseries.

During two or three weeks, Barbara was wretched beyond all description,

till at length the heart of Mrs. Heathcote melted over her, and she sent for her into her room. Then the poor child, quite overcome, could no longer restrain her emotion, but, flinging her arms round the neck of her mistress, she burst into a loud, ungovernable, and violent flood of tears, exclaiming, "I am innocent, indeed I am innocent, I never stole any thing in my life, indeed, indeed, ma'am, I am wrongfully accused."

When she had attained a little composure, she recounted the whole particulars of the story, Mrs. Heathcote, heard her in silence, but determined to speak to the overseer with whom she was a great favourite.—She did so.

"Do you believe this girl Mrs. Heathcote?"

“ I never caught her in a lye in my life, sir, I could always depend on what she said.”

“ And you strictly believe her in this particular ?”

“ I do indeed, sir, I would vouch for her veracity with my life.”

The overseers waited again on Mrs. Matthews, from whom they again heard all the particulars: they insisted however on questioning her other apprentices separately; and by so doing, they found a considerable variation in their stories.

Mrs. Matthews was again called in—
“ Have you, madam,” said one of the gentlemen, “ ever missed any thing since Barbara has left you ? I think it is now something better than three weeks.”

Mrs. Matthews endeavoured to recollect.

“Not as I know of, sir.”

“Did you not make a muslin gown for my wife, of a very remarkable pattern?” said one.

“Yes, sir.”

“And did you return her the pieces?”

“Yes, sir, she desired I would, and I did, even to the least morsel, but why, sir, did you ask?”

“I will tell you, Mrs. Matthews. Barbara Sommerton has, you know, been brought up entirely in the work-house; the mistress of it, a worthy and respectable woman, in a manner adopted this poor child, who has, till you charged her with theft, conducted her-

self with honesty and diligence, and by her manners became a general favourite. The girl's manner since her return has been so dejected and miserable, that, angry as Mrs. Heathcote was, her compassion was at length excited. She therefore took the girl into her room, and questioned her: the result was her entire belief that you had been imposed on by false representations, and some artful trick. She mentioned her opinion to us, and requested we would investigate the matter more closely, which, as the girl's future well-doing depended on, I promised to do. Returning home, I mentioned the affair to my wife, who was just coming to call on you, relative to the gown I mentioned; for passing Mrs. Dormer's toy-shop this

morning, our little girl, who accompanied her mother, teased her to buy a doll: they went into the shop for the purpose, where, among the first that was shewn, was one dressed in a frock of the same muslin as that of her gown. Struck with the pattern, she asked where she got it. Mrs. Dormer replied, that she bought it of two young people, who she fancied were apprentices to a mantua-maker, as they frequently sold her a variety. Upon further questioning, she owned they were your young people, and described them so accurately, that I am convinced they can be no others but the two girls before me; however, Mrs. Dormer is to give me the meeting here; and then we shall be convinced."

At this moment the mistress of the toy-shop was announced, and her evidence was sufficient. Among many others, she immediately singled out Betsey and Sally, who, ashamed of being thus detected, and frightened at being brought before the overseers, frankly confessed, they had placed the silk in Barbara's box, and that they had never known her guilty of any dishonest action whatsoever, but on the contrary, she had always been scrupulously particular in every thing.

“ I am sure,” said Mrs. Matthews, “ I am sorry I injured Barbara Sommerton so much by my suspicions; but really, Sir, the thing appeared clear to me: I firmly believed she had been the thief; but since I find to the con-

trary, she is welcome to come back and serve the remainder of her time; for I assure you, I have frequently missed her diligence; as she was by far the most indefatigable workwoman I had. She was always ready and willing to oblige. As for you, Betsey and Sally," she continued, addressing the girls "you have been both treacherous and deceivers, accusing and suffering an innocent girl to be punished for your wickedness; and therefore I can no longer countenance you as I have done: you shall now go into the garret, and Barbara shall take your place in the work room."

"Punish these girls how you please, Mrs. Matthews; they deserve the utmost you can do to them; but for Bar-

bara, she is our concern; Lady Travers is so convinced of her innocence, that she this morning consented to receive her into her service, and to place her about her own person, where, I make no doubt, but the girl's diligence and good qualities will be rewarded.

Barbara rejoiced to have her character thus cleared from the aspersion with which it was loaded, and joyfully entered into her new service, where she succeeded so well in giving satisfaction to her mistress, that she was raised to be her upper maid, and afterwards, housekeeper; all which situations she filled with credit, and her fidelity was rewarded by being at the death of her lady made independent; while Betsey and Sally, known as liars and as girls of

doubtful honesty, were universally shunned, and at length became pensioners on the bounty of the very *parish girl* whom they had formerly despised.

THE END.

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